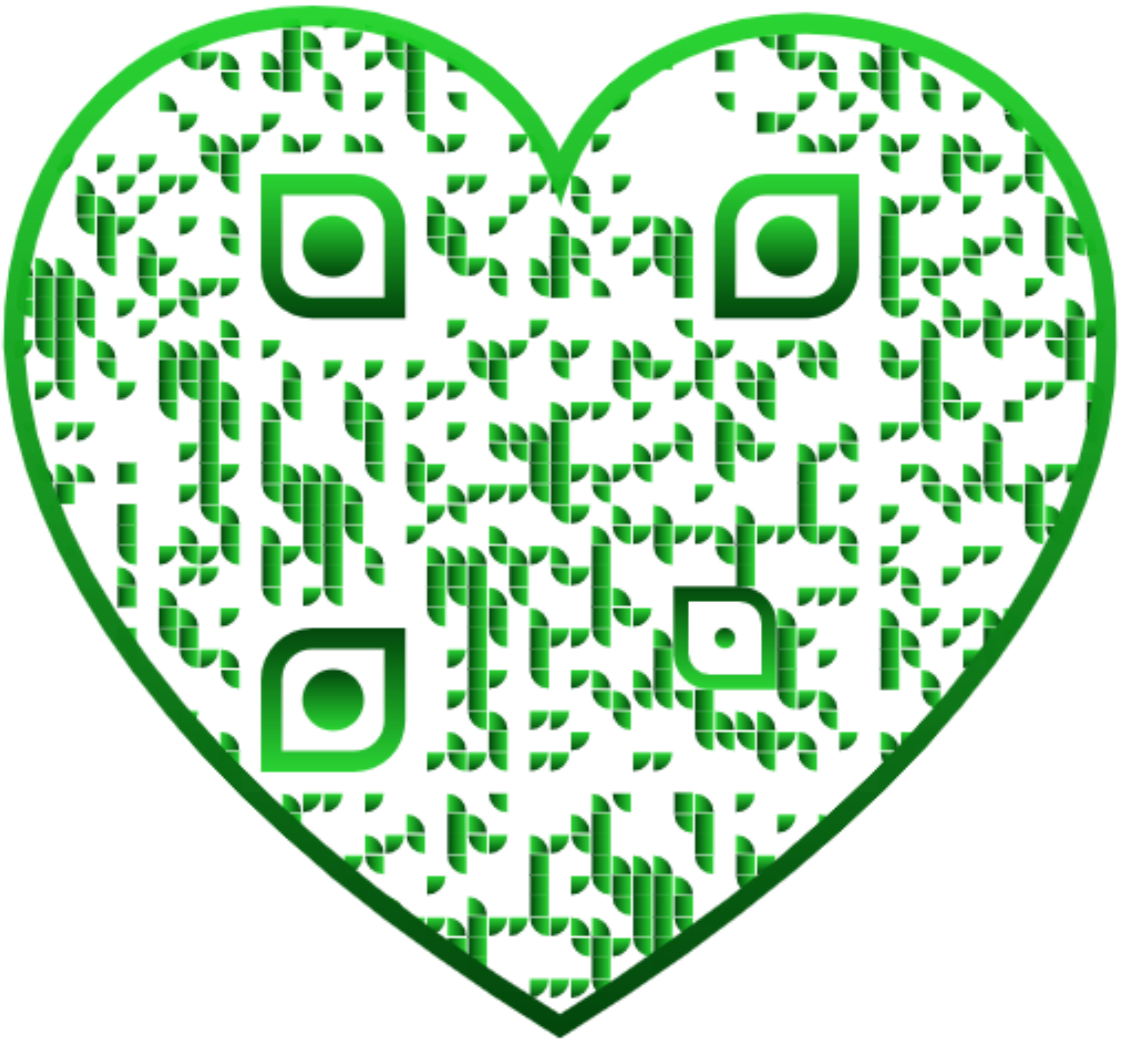
FREE WITH *CLASSIC* ROCK

THE LIVE ALBUMS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



CLASSIC ROCK PRESENTS

AOR

DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'

ON SALE NOW!

The story of Bon Jovi's breakthrough album: *Slippery When Wet*. Plus loads more interviews, news, album and live reviews, and a free CD.

CLASSIC ROCK PRESENTS

PROG

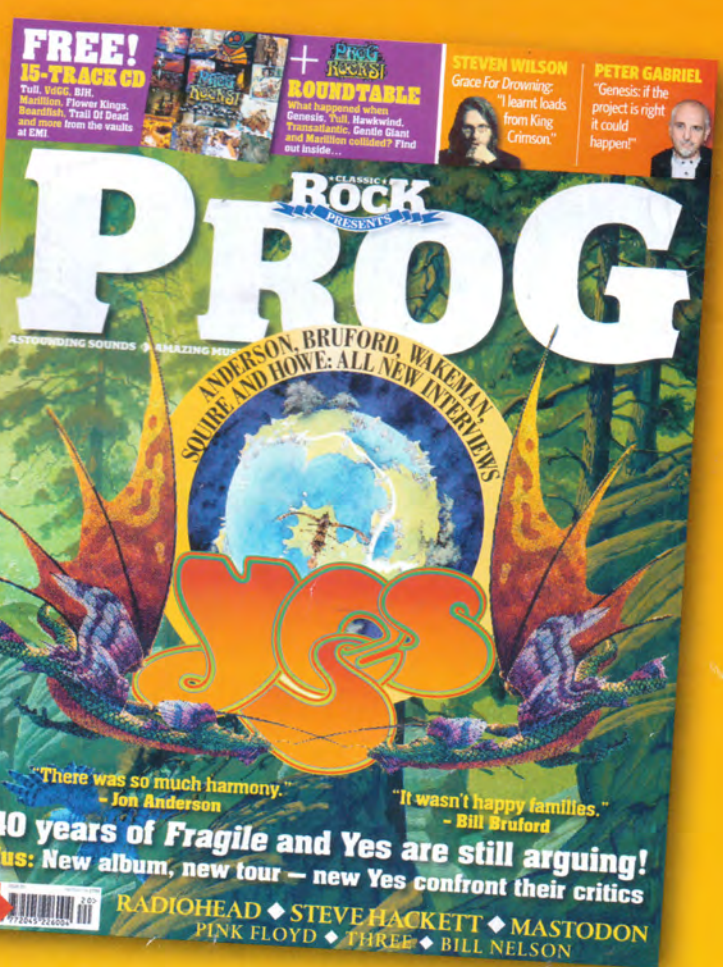
ASTOUNDING SOUNDS ◆ AMAZING MUSIC

"There was so much harmony," says Jon Anderson, but...

"It wasn't happy families..." says Bill Bruford.

***Fragile*, feuding and falling out with the fans – 40 years of Yes!**

PLUS exclusive interviews with Peter Gabriel, Steve Hackett, **Steven Wilson,** Bill Bailey, **Be-Bop Deluxe,** Mastodon, **Touchstone,** Magenta, **Arch/ Matheos,** Pain Of Salvation, **3** and many more...


FREE!
15-TRACK CD
Tull, VdGG, BJH, Marillion, Flower Kings, Soundtish, Trail Of Dead and more from the vaults at EMI
+
ROUNDTABLE
What happened when Genesis, Tull, Hawkwind, Transatlantic, Gentle Giant and Marillion collided? Find out inside...
STEVEN WILSON
Grace For Drowning: "I learnt loads from King Crimson."
PETER GABRIEL
"Genesis: if the project is right it could happen!"
CLASSIC ROCK PRESENTS
PROG
ANDERSON, BRUFORD, WAKEMAN, SQUIRE AND HOWE: ALL NEW INTERVIEWS
YES
"There was so much harmony." - Jon Anderson
"It wasn't happy families." - Bill Bruford
40 years of Fragile and Yes are still arguing!
Plus: New album, new tour – new Yes confront their critics
RADIOHEAD ◆ STEVE HACKETT ◆ MASTODON
PINK FLOYD ◆ THREE ◆ BILL NELSON

On Sale Now!

The world's leading journal of progressively inclined music!

FOREWORD

When I was a kid coming up and I didn't have any money, I used to steal live albums from Tower Records on Sunset Boulevard.

Back then, the way I'd get to know a band was through their live records, because as far as I was concerned that was the best representation of any rock'n'roll band: Cheap Trick's *At Budokan*, Aerosmith's *Live Bootleg*…

What makes a great live album? They should be honest and sincere. They should be mixed well, but they shouldn't be over-produced or toyed with too much. Feel and energy are essential to a live record – that's what the listener needs to pick up on. It needs to translate that fucking energy. Live, the tempo is picked up, there's feedback, there's the nuances and little ad-libs that singers bring into a live performance. I think mistakes are great. Even some out-of-tune stuff is great because there's emotional content, y'know, and that's not always on a studio record.

And nowadays? I don't know… Is there a big live record out right now? I think most artists in the millennium tend to suck because they spend too much time and energy in the studio making things sound right; they don't want to be heard live. That's just my observation. But back then live albums were great.

Slash, October 2011

ROSS HALFIN

Written by: **Geoff Barton, Mick Farren, Ian Fortnam, Rob Hughes, Dom Lawson, Dave Ling, Paul Henderson, Tom Russell, Mick Wall, Henry Yates.**

FACT!

***Wheels Of Fire* may say 'Live At The Fillmore', but all except *Toad* was recorded at Winterland.**

Cream: a jazz group in blue rockers' clothing.

CREAM

WHEELS OF FIRE

POLYDOR, 1968

Wilfully schizophrenic, Cream were a jazz group in blues rockers' clothing: conventional in the studio in terms of their structured, verse-chorus-verse tunes; bulldozing th[illegible]nvelope live and taking those same songs – and rock music itself – to places neither had been before. On stage, their improvisational flights of fancy went deep into what had until then been fenced-off j[illegible] territory. Before Cream, rock bands playing live mostly just played their songs as written or as structured on record. *Wheels Of Fire* – just four tracks, just 44 minutes and 12 seconds – changed all that, sparking a gold-rush of musicians wanting to head down the same roads and stake a claim. Epic Ginger Baker showcase *Toad* was a rock drummer's wet dream; the sprawling *Spoonful* was outrageous in its musical althleticism and invention; and the electrifying reading of Robert Johnson's *Crossroads* is still one of the most spine-tingling 4' 13" of live rock music ever committed to tape. **PH**

"THE ROADIES HAULED ME BACK TO THE GIG."

Cream's **Jack Bruce** on breaking the US in between bust-ups.

***Wheels Of Fire* was recorded in the US. What was it like touring over there back then?**

We had one guy to look after the band, Bob Adcock, and two guys to look after the equipment. That was our crew for a coast-to-coast tour. We'd take commercial flights and carry our own instruments. When we got to the next city Bob would hire a station wagon. He was a racing driver and he always tried to trash the engine before giving it back.

Did you get any hassle because of the way you looked?

We played the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, and when we went to check in to our rooms they'd locked the doors. They let us play but they wouldn't let us stay. We got thrown out of one hotel because they said our hair was clogging up the filters in the swimming pool.

What were the venues like?

Anything from baseball stadiums to sports arenas. We'd use the venue PA system, which was usually useless – I was always losing my voice. One time in Canada, I told Ginger we had to hire a PA. He said we couldn't afford it. At the time, we were the biggest-grossing band in America. I was so cross I went to the airport and bought a ticket home. While I was waiting for the plane, the two roadies arrived and physically hauled me back to the gig.

Did you ever listen to Ginger playing *Toad* and think: "Get a move on, will you?"

No, because I'd usually just played *Traintime* on harmonica, which was physically very demanding. I needed a fag after that, so the longer the better, really.

When they came to record their live debut album at Detroit's Grande Ballroom, the MC5 were at their fresh and hungry peak, crackling with furious rock'n'roll energy. They borrowed tricks from Sun Ra, The Who, James Brown and more, and totally made them their own. They poured it on every which way they could for a clenched-fist, home-town crowd whose teenage choices were often the line at Ford or a foxhole in Vietnam.

As the cultural arm of the White Panther Party, the band chronicled the urban violence that had seen Detroit burn and 43 people die in the hot summer riots of 1967 in the song *Motorcity Burning*. The frantic but motorcity-solid rhythm section of Dennis Thompson and Michael Davis supported and showcased the wild but perfectly honed interplay between the AK47 guitars of Fred Smith and Wayne Kramer – the band's primary strength – while singer Rob Tyner ranted, raved and invoked insurrection, seemingly on the verge of a white-boy 'fro-psychotic meltdown. The MC5 wholly defined the sound of industrial hard rock rebellion at a time and in a place where 'hard' meant tungsten carbide. **MF**

"The MC5 were a mercurial band, we were inconsistent. All of a sudden this was *the* night. It was a lot of pressure for us to be under. I hear it every time I listen to the record. I hear me making clumsy mistakes on the guitar, I hear Dennis all over the on the tempos, I hear Rob not quite in the perfect voice he was capable of." Wayne Kramer, MC5 guitarist

Detroit rock city: the MC5 record *Kick Out The Jams*.

The Who: live at the University Of Leeds, February 14, 1970.

LEFT: GETTY; TOP: CORBIS; BOTTOM: REX

BY RUSH'S GEDDY LEE

I was a big Who fan. I still am. Like a lot of people, it started with *My Generation* for me. I used to go up to Sam The Record Man in town to get my music. That's where I got *Live At Leeds* one Saturday morning. And the bass in *My Generation*, I mean, John Entwistle, my god, he was such an absolute influence on me and his playing on *Leeds* is unsurpassable. I'm a big fan of *Summertime Blues* on that album, which we covered, to a large degree because of their version.

I got to see The Who in Winnipeg, Manitoba of all places. They were incredible, but Moon was already gone by then. I never saw them with him, I'm very sad to say. No matter what they do, Pete Townshend's writing has always been at the very top of his craft, the quintessential combination of heavy and melodic.

Even today, *Live At Leeds* sounds so alive, it's a real piece of that period of rock. It's like a bootleg, the artwork, the tone; that was their attitude I think. It was raw: 'Here it is'.

5 RECORD-BREAKING LIVE ALBUMS

The First...
Double live album: Benny Goodman's *Live At Carnegie Hall* (1950). Triple live album: *Woodstock: Music From The OST* (1970).

The Biggest...
Garth Brooks's *Double Live* sold 21 million copies – eight million more than Springsteen's *Live 1975-85*.

The Longest...
Hats off to beardy jam-band king[illegible]sh, whose *Live Phish Vol. 16* clocks in at four hours and six minutes.

The Shortest...
The Misfits' *Evilive*: 13 minutes, on the nose. Thank you and good night!

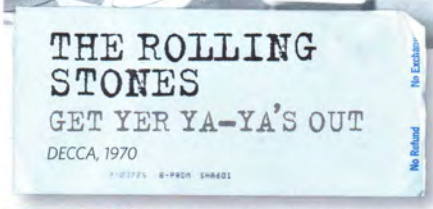
The Most...
Nearly 2,200 of The Grateful Dead's shows were released - albeit many as 'official' bootlegs.

The Classic Rock Archive has every issue of the magazine, 13 years of articles, interviews, reviews (even readers' letters) and is available FREE online 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

BUT IT'S RUBBISH FOR MAKING PAPER AEROPLANES.

http://archive.classicrockmagazine.com

The Stones recording *Get Yer Ya-Yas Out* at Madison Square Garden.



Recorded at New York's Madison Square Garden on the band's 1969 US tour – their first since the appointment of Mick Taylor as replacement for original guitarist Brian Jones – the impulse behind the Stones' second live LP was less documentary, more simply a gauge of how well the new line-up was settling in. But the result was one of the first live albums to receive the kind of acclaim only the best studio albums had before, thereby kick-starting a taste for live albums that would flourish throughout the subsequent decade.

The sheer exuberance of the Stones' performances on that tour – which also featured openers BB King, Chuck Berry and Ike & Tina Turner – is clearly captured in the grooves. It was also the first Stones tour since the death of Richards' original co-guitarist Brian Jones, whose increasingly drugged and emaciated state had effectively kept the band off the road for nearly three years. In his place stepped Taylor, a 20-year-old former John Mayall protégé whose extravagant gifts as a guitarist were first recognised internationally with the release of *…Ya-Yas*. He'd played on *Honky Tonk Women* and a couple of tracks on *Let It Bleed*, but this album and the tour it was recorded on gave notice of a new creative phase for the Stones that would see them record the best studio albums of their career.

From its famous looped intro – "Ladeez and gentlemen, the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world…" – to Jagger telling the whooping audience, "You don't want my trousers to fall down now, do ya?" to the freaky chick yelling "Paint it black, you devil!" as Richards tickles out the intro to *Sympathy For The Devil*, no album before had been as live or as much fun. The stunning interplay between Richards' swamp-deep rhythm and Taylor's liquid lead were – along with Charlie Watts' drums – the only parts of the album onto which no overdubs were laid. Some bootlegs also revealed Richards trying out some solos of his own on *Jumpin' Jack Flash* – later ditched once it became apparent how much better Taylor was at them.

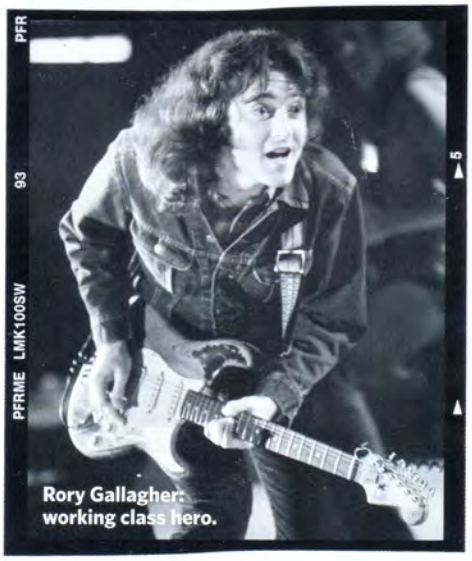
You'd never guess that their infamous Altamont show where Hell's Angels ran riot, killing one fan and maiming others, was just up the road. And that their 60s dream was about to turn into a 70s nightmare. **MW**

Grand Funk: righteous.

Just as the band who made it gave new meaning to the description 'power-trio', so *Live Album* set the template for everything we now know as stoner rock. Sold as a 'direct recording' – *ie* no overdubs, no remixing, no nothing except slabs of sheet-metal – it was all about keeping it real (pity nobody thought to tell the sleeve-designer who used a photo of the band taken at the Atlanta International pop festival, even though none of the music was recorded there).

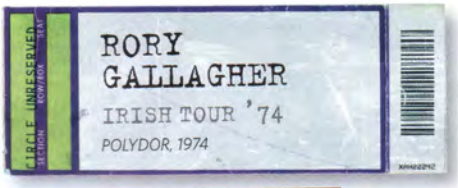
Even the most fervent Grand Funk Railroad fan from the 70s would have agreed that you really didn't need to possess more than one of their two-inch deep studio albums, and you certainly didn't dig the Funk lying on the floor listening to those records with your stereo-headphones on. You dug them where they lived, out on the road. Hence the tremendous sense of righteousness that accompanied the release of this, their fourth album.

Critics dismissed them as boneheaded proto-metal merchants, but in singer-guitarist Mark Farner – a fierce part-Cherokee frontman who took no shit and gave no quarter – Grand Funk Railroad became the embodiment of what it meant to be an all-American rocker, and the success of *Live Album* refutation that what critics said mattered at all. **MW**



Rory Gallagher: working class hero.

GETTY x3

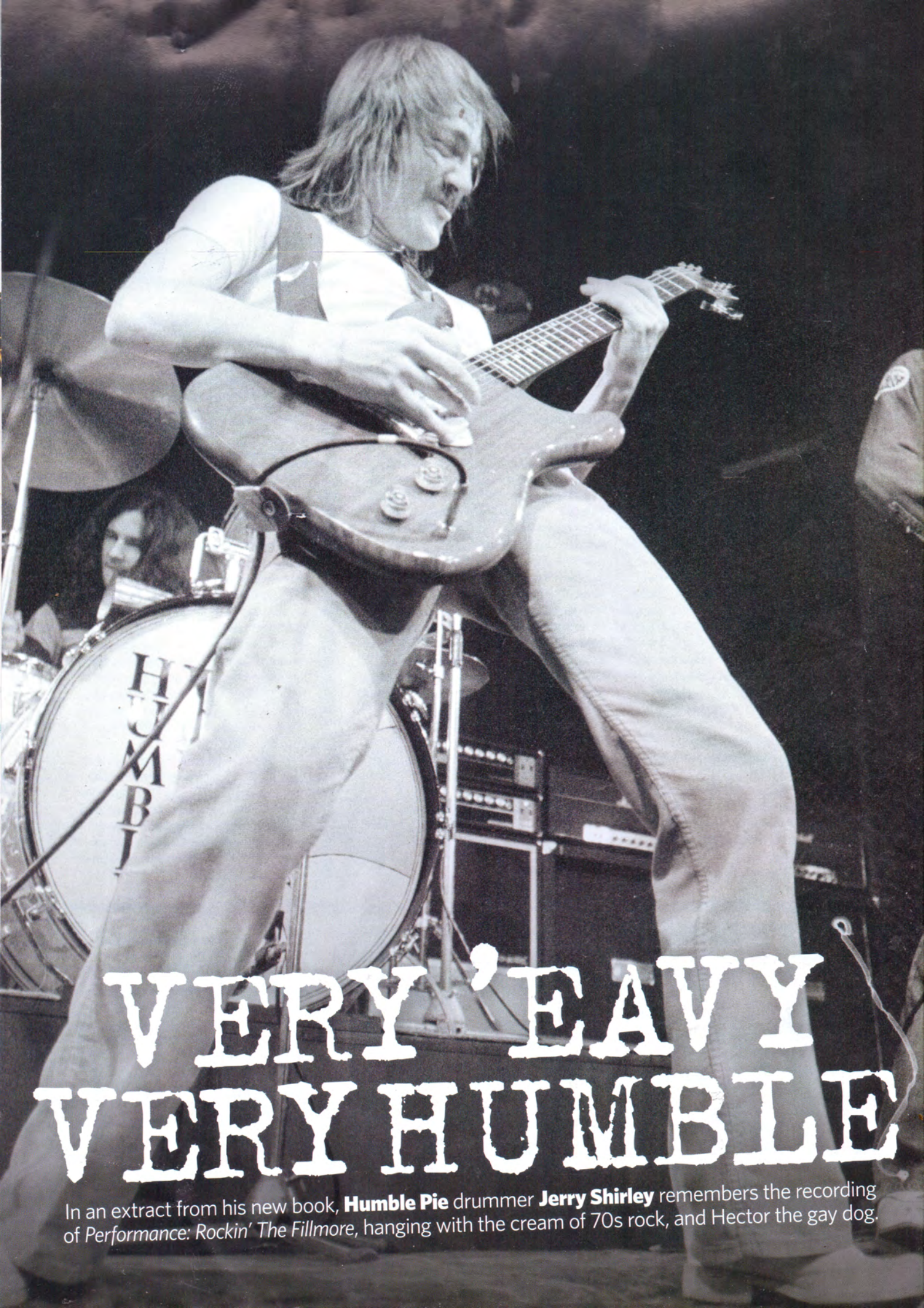


BY JOE BONAMASSA

The *Irish Tour '74* album. That was the thing that started me with Rory Gallagher. I was probably 13 or 14 at the time, and I was going through my father's albums. Somebody gave me it on cassette tape. When I heard just the opening, *Cradle Rock*, when the band came in, it was like, 'Wow!' Hooked for life, you know?

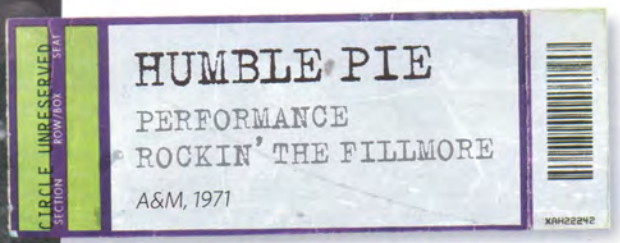
Back then my father worked in a factory – he always worked in a factory and had blue collar jobs – and he used to wear those flannel shirts. And there was the album cover, the US version, and Rory's on there with this flannel shirt, overgrown hair and a Strat and he just looked like everybody in my town. All those Tony Joe White covers that he did – he was just the ultimate working man's guitar player, singer, songwriter. It was just an insane mix of talent and work ethic. I never met him, but you got a real sense just from his music that he knew who he was and where he came from and it was uncompromising. That was it.

This captured him better than the studio albums. The problem with this type of music in the studio is if you start polishing the rough edges you start polishing the magic out of it. Even as a player I don't take the same chances in a studio as I would live. For some reason I'm more embarrassed to screw up in front of four people than I am to screw up in front of 3000.



VERY 'EAVY VERY HUMBLE

In an extract from his new book, **Humble Pie** drummer **Jerry Shirley** remembers the recording of *Performance: Rockin' The Fillmore*, hanging with the cream of 70s rock, and Hector the gay dog.



THE STORY SO FAR...

On New Year's Day 1969, Jerry Shirley, only 16, is plucked from relative obscurity to join Humble Pie, the supergroup put together by ex-Small Faces singer Steve Marriott, and Peter Frampton, former guitarist with The Herd.

Fast-forward two years and the band has already recorded four studio albums, and in one particularly prolific stretch in 1970 and '71 Jerry has played on Syd Barrett's two albums, John Entwistle's solo debut, George Harrison's All Things Must Pass *and BB King's* Live In London. *But truly massive success has thus far eluded Humble Pie, who are best known as a live band. If only the unbridled energy and spontaneity of their shows could be captured on disc…*

It was a very special time in my life. Here I was at the tender age of 18, with a Rolls-Royce in the drive of an Elizabethan farmhouse that was nearly 400 years old, situated on three-and-a-half acres with tons of outbuildings… It was like heaven on earth.

Just as I was settling in, dad found an orphaned Pyrenean mountain dog that needed a home – a big home. Hector was fucking huge, at least 160 pounds. He was young and had not been 'fixed', so he was ready to rock'n'roll. He was also gay.

Hector took a shine to one of our part-time roadies, an asthmatic called Beanie-Cake because he always had beans and cake around his mouth. The band were rehearsing one afternoon, and while we had a tea break we heard what sounded like Beanie having what can only be described as asthmatic copulation. We rushed out to see Hector with this absurd grin on his face and his two front legs locked firmly around Beanie's midriff – from behind, naturally – going at it like a steam train.

Beanie, who weighed only 120 pounds, had been conveniently kneeling down, fixing Peter Frampton's foot pedals, and didn't notice Hector slowly amble up behind him and hop on. By the time we pulled Hector off, Beanie was in full asthmatic arrest. After he had calmed down a bit, he explained, between desperate gasps for as much air as his shell-shocked lungs could muster: "He caught me by surprise, boss…" gasp, gasp, gasp… "And he's so big…" gasp, gasp, gasp… "I didn't know whether to try to beat him off…" gasp, gasp… "or lay down and enjoy it." After all, Beanie was a 60s roadie.

"HECTOR HAD HIS LEGS ROUND BEANIE, GOING AT IT LIKE A STREAM TRAIN..."

Humble Pie's fourth album, *Rock On* was released in March 1971. It got some strong airplay, and the initial sales were by far our best to date. It was not blowing the doors off the charts just yet, but it was a huge improvement on anything we had achieved thus far.

The American tour started in NYC at the Fillmore East. The headliner was Cactus, featuring the original rhythm section for Vanilla Fudge: Tim Bogert on bass and Carmine Appice on drums. Greg [Ridley, Humble Pie bassist] and I were huge Vanilla Fudge fans, and Tim and Carmine were a bass-and-drums partnership that we looked up to a great deal. We were really looking forward to working with them, and they didn't disappoint. We also got to see and meet some other great bands at the Fillmore on our nights off, including Traffic and Mountain.

It was the beginning of the greatest period in the band's history. The four of us were getting along better than ever. Steve and Peter were individually at their very best and were playing off each other on stage better than ever before. Greg and I were in a class of rhythm sections that we previously could have only dreamt of. And [manager] Dee Anthony was responsible in large part, due to his coaching skills, which brought out a fierce combatant attitude in the pair of us.

We opened for Black Sabbath in Alexandria, Virginia and played one of our best shows ever. This was not the first time we had given Sabbath a good run for their money, nor would it be the last. Ozzy watched our entire show from the wings with a look of astonishment on his face, taking in everything Steve was doing. At his best, Steve always drew other lead singers to the side of the stage to get their master class on how to be a frontman and lead singer. At this time he was blowing them all out of the water.

Not long after this, Dee had a minor epiphany – he decided we were ready to record a live album. He was seeing our effect on an audience night after night, and there was an undeniable gap between our success live and our success on record. Something had to be done.

Dee had recently scored heavily with Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs & Englishmen tour, which was filmed and recorded for a live album, propelling Joe into the big league. Dee figured that if it worked once, why not try it again with us? The Fillmore East was the perfect venue, and the timing was perfect, too – the hall was about to shut up shop, and our live recording would be done in the last month of shows there.

The Fillmore East had an incredible track record. Each and every one of the acts that recorded a live album there ended up with one of the top live rock albums ever, including the Allman Brothers, John Mayall, Frank Zappa, Hendrix's Band Of Gypsys and us lot, to name but a few.

As we were in the middle of our longest, most gruelling tour to date, we were firing on all cylinders. I recall doing a show at a college just outside Manhattan at the start of this tour, when Steve brought the house down with one of his better one-liners. At the end of *Hallelujah (I Love Her So)*, he started to improvise, bringing the ↦

REPOTO

band down to where we were playing so quietly that he could sing full-voice without the mic and be heard all through the hall, a trick he'd perfected at previous shows at the Fillmore. The lyric was an improv around the song's title. As he sang it over and over, a stunner in the front row managed to get on her friend's shoulders, right in front of Steve, and run her hand up his leg to his crotch, before proceeding to rub his nuts. Steve didn't miss a beat; he simply changed the lyric to *'Hallelujah, someone's stroking my balls!'* This got us the only favourable review we ever had in *Rolling Stone*. Plus they used Steve's line as the headline.

We also played Boston on this tour. Every time we played there, a band of glam rockers would show up backstage to pay their respects. We knew they were budding musicians, and I believe they already had a bit of a local following. They wore lots of make-up and had scarves hanging everywhere, and the singer had a pair of lips to match Mick Jagger's. We thought it was a bit weird to wear all that stage gear when you're just hanging out, but they were nice, well-mannered young lads and very respectful of what we were doing. A few years later, when a hard-rocking Boston bunch hit it big with their third album, *Toys In The Attic*, I recognised them as the same band: Aerosmith.

When our truck broke down in Rockford, Illinois we got stuck without any equipment and had to borrow some from a local band who were there to see us. This extremely talented band became huge later in the 70s when they evolved into Cheap Trick.

In Island Park, New York T. Rex – who certainly had talent but, unfortunately, were the perfect example of what did not work on stage in America – opened for us. Marc Bolan, God rest his soul, tried everything he could think of to win over that tough crowd, and nothing worked. The harder he tried, the worse it got for him. At one point he decided, out of complete frustration, to do a Pete Townshend and threw his Les Paul up in the air. Hoping to catch it on its way down, he held his arms straight up above his head… and missed. The guitar landed on top of his head and knocked him out cold. The crowd thought it was all part of the show and finally gave him some applause – if not for knocking them out, at least for doing so to himself.

The Fillmore shows went beautifully. And although Lee Michaels was the headliner and we were only the special guest, we were probably responsible for 70 per cent of the tickets sold. When you listen to the live album, you would never know that we were not the main attraction.

We had no idea the record would be as good as it turned out to be. We knew it was an excellent performance that had been very well recorded in a great-sounding room. What we didn't know was just how well those elements had gelled. In fact the first attempt at mixing it almost ended in us throwing away the whole project because we had mixed it as if it were a studio record and forgot the audience. The resulting mix had lost its entire atmosphere.

If Dee Anthony had done nothing else for Humble Pie, what he did next was worth every penny of the commission he earned during his entire career as our manager. We had taken the multi-track tapes home to England and booked time in Olympic Studios to mix them. Dee came over to hear the results, and thank God he had the strength of character to pull us up on it, telling us in no uncertain terms that it was awful. You had to be a brave man to tell Steve – and, to some extent, Peter – that the mix they had slaved over sucked.

It would not have been a dreadful record if we had used that first mix, it's just that the most important elements of a great live recording are the audience's participation and reaction. The room sound from the microphones placed in the auditorium to record those elements is also very important; it adds the ambience that all live music needs to portray its live sound. Without that, you may as well be mixing another studio recording. In fact the ambient sound from mics placed some distance from the source turns an ordinary drum sound into a huge one. And that's just one aspect of live recording that is so beneficial to getting a great sound that it is often used to embellish regular studio recordings. All that is common practice today, but back then these were lessons that were still being learned.

"YOU HAD TO BE A BRAVE MAN TO TELL STEVE MARRIOTT HIS MIX SUCKED."

As the first attempt at mixing the live album had failed, we had to come up with a better plan. We were about to embark on another long tour, in Europe and the States, which would take in some huge dates with Grand Funk, including a Shea Stadium show. Since we were going to be in and out of NYC several times, we could book mix sessions in Electric Lady Studios, with Eddie Kramer as the engineer. This was, next to Dee putting his foot down, the most important decision we ever made. Eddie was by far the best choice for the job. He had, after all, recorded the show in the first place, he was extremely experienced at mixing live tapes, was one of the best 24-track tape editors in the business, and already had a track record of successful live recordings at the Fillmore, not least of all with Band Of Gypsys, which he'd recorded there 18 months earlier.

The final piece of the puzzle was to elect Peter to act as the band's representative at the mixes, so we could fly him in on a day off to assist Eddie and be our voice, because we couldn't afford to fly the whole band in. Steve was more than happy to let Peter do the job, which was a blessing in disguise because Steve had already started to develop a "that will do" attitude in the studio, whereas Peter was much more meticulous and had become an extremely accomplished engineer in his own right. Not that Steve wasn't – he probably taught Peter most of what he knew – but the job required a focused, attention-to-detail type of team, and with Eddie and Peter we had exactly that. The rest of us were too impatient, frankly…

We had done four shows in two nights and recorded them all, so we had four versions of each song to choose from. *I Walk On Gilded Splinters* was a Dr John song we had developed into a 30-minute-plus epic with lots of extended guitar solos. We all preferred the overall performance of the song from the second show on the first night, but Pete preferred his solo from the first show on the second night, awkward bugger. In those days we tuned our guitars primarily by ear, with a little help from one of Steve's harmonicas, and set all our tempos by yours truly counting the band in, so there was every possibility of slight differences in pitch and speed between the two performances.

Humble Pie: (l-r) Jerry Shirley, Peter Frampton, Greg Ridley, Steve Marriott.

GETTY; TOP RIGHT: CORBIS

We decided to try to edit the 24-track tape by taking Pete's solo from the second night and editing it into the performance from the first night and praying that they matched. Eddie's skills with the scissors were a very welcome addition to the proceedings. When they matched perfectly, in both tempo and pitch, we were astonished. This meant we could mix the 24-track tape as one piece instead of having to mix the two elements separately and edit them together, saving ourselves a lot of sodding about.

Although the record that was eventually released was basically the show verbatim, there turned out to be more than one occasion when a good edit was needed, as many of our songs were unacceptably long. *Gilded Splinters*, for instance, was edited down from 33 minutes to a mere 23:25.

At the start of the American leg of the summer tour, shortly before the Shea show, The Who were spending time in NYC recording sessions for what was to become *Who's Next*. Pete Townshend had hurt his wrist, so they were trying to record with Leslie West from Mountain playing the lead guitar parts. Leslie is one of the finest lead guitarists the Almighty had the good sense to create, But then so is Pete Townshend.

Humble Pie and The Who had a fairly subdued evening at our chosen watering hole, Le Directoire. As usual back then, I was doing a terrible job of keeping up with everybody as far as drinking was concerned. I remember sitting between Pete Townshend and Steve Marriott, telling them both, in a bombastic fashion, how incredible they were and getting quite drunkenly emotional about it. They were very patient with me, and I vaguely remember Townshend saying to Steve: "Your little mate don't arf talk a lot," or something to that effect.

Keith Moon, however, treated me as he always did – like the best mate he ever had, which was how he treated everybody. As the night wound down, he invited me back to their hotel. By the time we got there it was just Keith, Chalky (our old roadie, who Pete Frampton had fired on our very first tour, and who was now working as Keith's driver), John Hammel and I, who was by this time very much worse for wear.

All of a sudden I was overwhelmed with a strong desire to throw up. I asked where the loo was and was pointed in the general direction of two doors on the other side of the room. As I opened the door to what I thought was the bathroom, I let fly with a remarkable case of projectile vomiting – only to realise I had opened the wrong door and sprayed vomit all over Keith's clothes, which were hanging in what turned out to be the closet. Instead of getting angry about it, all Keith said – in his finest Noël Coward imitation – was: "Oh, don't worry about it, dear boy. I do it all the time." He then proceeded to go about the business of trying to dig his way through the wall into [Who soundman] Bob Pridden's room – with a room service knife and fork.

I didn't stick around long enough to see if Keith succeeded, but I found out later that apparently he did. Chalky was left with the unenviable task of cleaning up his old chum's puke. What a pal.

Extracted from Best Seat In The House by Jerry Shirley, published by Rebeats Press, on sale now.

Before the release of *At Fillmore East* the Allmans had been a good-time, hippie bar band. After it they became full-on rock stars.

As well as setting a new precedent for live albums as breakout hits, it pushed the idea of live albums as a showcase for bands to stretch out and show what they could do unconstrained by the limitations of the regular, two-sided studio recording, as on the exultant, 23-minute final track, *Whipping Post*. The original double-vinyl version was released in both stereo and specially mixed four-channel quadraphonic. But the real juice was in the playing, demonstrating the Allmans' qualities as top-notch jammers, led by the actual Allman brothers: guitarist Duane and keyboardist/vocalist Gregg. The pathos came just months after its release, when Duane died in a motorcycle accident. **MW**

"THERE WAS PLENTY OF BEER, COKE AND GROUPIES."

Allman Brothers drummer **Butch Trucks** recalls the high times of At Fillmore East.

The Fillmore was a storied rock venue. In the days leading up to the shows, were the band nervous at all?
I was never nervous before a show. The first few times we played the Fillmore I was excited. When we made it there we felt like we were at the top. There just wasn't a venue with more prestige at that time.

What was it like backstage there?
The backstage was like most others: plenty of beer, coke and groupies.

How did it feel to be up on stage, in the eye of the hurricane?
The stage at the Fillmore was never the eye of the hurricane. The storm would occasionally show up while we were playing.

How did it feel when you were 15 minutes into a 30-minute jam?
Like I do now: if things are clicking and we're hitting the note, then there is no yesterday or tomorrow. I can't make mistakes – my brain gets out of the way and I'm totally in the moment with everyone else I'm jamming with.

What made the Allman Brothers such a killer live band?
I feel that we became a 'killer' band when we stopped trying to be stars and playing for everyone else's approval, and started playing for ourselves. In the beginning most audiences just didn't get it and most nights we would just forget that they were there and play for ourselves. Eventually they got it.

Japanese culture had barely touched Britain in the early 70s. The idea of a rock band playing gigs there was truly exotic. *Made In Japan* was a trailblazing release spawned in a far-away land; it had a mysterious, otherworldly cachet that other live albums, recorded in much more mundane locations, couldn't match. It also helped that it was a double album, with a delicious, golden gatefold sleeve.

Deep Purple were at their peak, having released the career-defining *Machine Head* just months before. On *Made In Japan* they straddle a fine line between intense and indulgent, the four sides of vinyl giving them room to stretch – and we mean *stretch*. Incredibly there are only seven tracks; *Highway Star*, which opens side one, is the only one to clock in at under seven minutes. Side Four comprises a monstrous, 20-minute version of *Space Truckin'*; *The Mule*, meanwhile, contains a six-minute Ian Paice drum solo. It might sound preposterous now, but back in the day we could only shake out heads disbelievingly at the sheer, unbridled brilliance of it all. **GB**

I WAS THERE

"Of its ilk it's still probably the best live rock'n'roll album ever made – and that's putting everything Led Zeppelin have done, anything Black Sabbath may have done, Bad Company, Free... As a *tour de force* of innovation and living on the edge and great playing with a fantastic sound, nothing comes close." Ian Paice, Deep Purple

Black Country communion: Slade in their be-tartened pomp.

FACT!

The cartoon inside *Slade Alive!*'s gatefold was the winning entry in a *Sun* competition to design the sleeve.

SLADE

SLADE ALIVE!

POLYDOR, 1972

Exploding into an introspective era of drab, post-Woodstock Beatles mourning, *Slade Alive!* (with its roar-along r'n'b and on-mike Black Country belching) kick-started the 1970s. A terrace chanting, scarves-on-wrists, lad's rock exemplar that set the stage for The Faces, Mott The Hoople and, ultimately, Oasis, it served to depoliticise a rock scene that had forgotten how to have fun. Slade may not have been cool, but they were an exciting live band who'd built their reputation on the power of their live shows. Manager Chas Chandler decided that the best way to end a career-long album chart drought was by capturing their intrinsic appeal on a warts 'n' all live LP. And it worked. Recorded at a cost of £600, *Slade Alive!* not only broke the band in the UK, it went on to be the biggest selling album in Australia since *Sgt. Pepper*. Hence AC/DC… **IF**

"OUR AIM WAS TO GRAB 'EM BY THE BALLS..."

Slade yob-in-chief **Noddy Holder**'s recipe for the ultimate live show.

I WAS THERE

"Our manager, Chas Chandler, had come up with the idea of us doing a live album, because he'd been been Jimi Hendrix's manager, and he'd seen how some of Hendrix's live performances had been turning points in his career. So we booked a little studio-cum-theatre down on Piccadilly for three nights – the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

"The bulk of the album was from the Wednesday night, which was mayhem. *Coz I Luv U* was Number 1, and we'd come straight from doing *Top Of The Pops*. We were still wearing our clobber from the telly, and we went pretty much straight onstage. There was only about 100-odd people in there. A lot of them were fan club members, but some of them had walked in off the streets as well.

"Our aim onstage was to hit the crowd between the eyes and grab them by the balls. Make a show that people would remember forever. Most bands thought it was uncool to have audience particpiation, so back then it was only us doing that. We've never been cool. But when people saw the reaction we were getting, they started nicking our ideas.

"One thing I do remember about those shows is that we'd been on the road for a week or two before that, and Dave [Hill, guitarist] had got some of his old stage clobber in a suitcase in the dressing room, and it stank to high heaven. The whole dressing room stank of his sweat. Chas said, 'I'm gonna fucking turn that fucking case into a bonfire outside! You can't have record company people coming in here with that stink.' So there's Dave, trying to guard his precious clothes before we covered them in lighter fuel to stop them stinking the place out..."

Kiss: you wanted the best...

Let's face it: the first three Kiss studio albums were clunky. The songwriting was there, of course, but the execution and production most certainly were not. So thank God – or Gene Simmons, as He is sometimes known – for the arrival of *Alive!*, which showcased Kiss in their element. Even today, the album sounds like World War III – and IV, and V, and VI – in your living room. It exudes authority and aggression, and is imbued with an all-consuming, all-American self-assurance. When *Alive!* came out in autumn '75, Kiss had yet to tour Britain. All we had was a crusty black and white photo of the Space Ace and his smokin' guitar. But within 30 seconds of *Deuce*, you knew you were listening to the greatest live act in the world. *Alive!* elevated Kiss to the level of supreme beings. No wonder we used to have to drink a quart of Cold Gin every night, just to calm ourselves down… **GB**

I WAS THERE

"The label was about to go bankrupt cos they'd put all their money into a Johnny Carson album, so we decided to throw caution to the wind: 'If it's gonna be the end, we'll go down in flames – or up in flames'. I don't think we gave a shit. We just connected with what we knew best: ourselves."
Gene Simmons

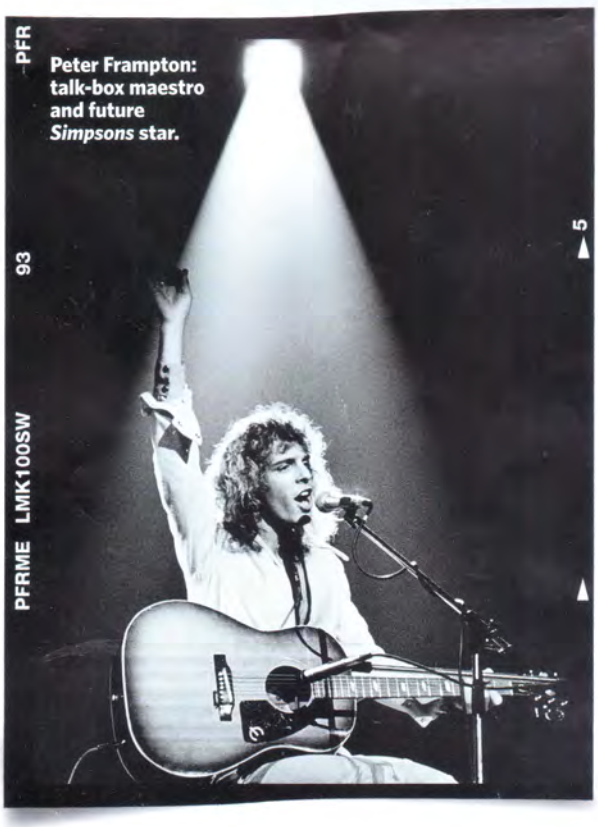
BY *REBUS* AUTHOR IAN RANKIN

I'd been a Hawkwind fan since *Silver Machine* came out in 1972, but they never played my hometown. To get a sense of what they'd be like live, I bought *Space Ritual* in a second-hand shop in Fife. I'd put it on, sit on my bed and spread out the packaging. It took me into this weird, spacey environment that was full of possibility. I had no idea what an orgone accumulator was but I wanted one. And there were no wacky substances required – I've always used music as the way to take my head somewhere.

What bands tended to do was clean the sound up to make it as much like a studio album as possible. *Space Ritual* was different. It was an grungy live sound, with lots of opportunities for things to go wrong. It was the first that made me feel like I was there, a propulsive, hypnotic show with all these wonderful bleeps, blips and droning guitars that were almost transcendental.

People are sniffy about Hawkwind but they stayed true to their principles and have remained a really interesting unit. Punk sensed that; punks weren't as dismissive of Hawkwind as they had that same anarchist edge to them. With very little money they seemed to do a lot onstage.

Even now it's the only live album I go back to time and time again – I must have four or five copies in various formats. And still no-one really sounds like them.



Peter Frampton: talk-box maestro and future *Simpsons* star.

LEFT: LFI; GETTY x2

In mid-1975, ex-Herd/Humble pie guitarist Peter Frampton was a moderately successful solo artist. Within a year, *Frampton Comes Alive!* had smashed all known sales records, transforming him into one of rock music's biggest stars.

Until that point, most live records were little more than thumbprints of an artist performing their most popular songs. The laidback …*Comes Alive!* went a stage further, as the band elongated their songs to capitalise upon their potential: *Do You Feel Like We Do* was stretched to twice its original length as Frampton serenaded the baying audience with his talk-box, an instrument also used to stunning effect on the enduring *Show Me The Way*.

The album took root in America's Top 40 for almost two years. If subsequent name-checks in *Malcolm In The Middle*, *Wayne's World 2* and even *Vic Reeves' Big Night Out* weren't enough to Ronseal its influence upon popular culture, then the appearance of an animated Peter Frampton performing The Simpsons, performing *Do You Feel Like We Do* surely was. **DLing**

5 LEGENDARY LIVE VENUES

Hammersmith Apollo
Lizzy and The Hoople recorded at this former art deco cinema, opened in 1932. Still trading today.

Glasgow Apollo
Opened by Frank Lynch in '73, five years before AC/DC's *If You Want Blood*. The wrecking ball hit in 1985.

Nippon Budokan
Christened by The Beatles; made famous by Deep Purple and Cheap Trick. Home to sumo today.

Leeds University
Site of The Who's Live At Leeds on February 14, 1970. A solid gold plaque commemorates it today.

Fillmore/Fillmore East
Twin US halls, home to seismic albums by Hendrix, Allmans, etc. Both closed in 1971 – East is now a bank.

Zep: Page "could create tempests, summon storms".

The biggest live band of them all released only two live albums, almost 30 years apart. Zeppelin associate **Roy Harper** and engineer **Kevin Shirley** recall their involvement with each.

I got to see Led Zeppelin at very close quarters on that tour, travelling as part of this huge entourage. The level of their success then was unbelievable.

What a powerful thing Led Zeppelin were, wonderfully powerful. And it had such a beautiful power, too. People say Led Zeppelin borrowed a lot from what had gone before. But what Jimmy and the others did was take the raw material to a completely different level. Jimmy Page was a genuine original in his own right, but those four individuals together had that amazing chemistry that turned those blues things into something massive that the world was obviously waiting to hear.

It was an Anglicisation of something that was actually American, but they loaded it with British sentiment, poetry and culture, then re-exported it. Being so close to them at the time, it was difficult to be objective about it all – you know, I was going along on the bus. But Zeppelin in full flight was an incredibly intense experience.

Roy Harper

When I went into this room full of boxes of tapes at Sarm West in 2002 it was the beginning of what became the Led Zeppelin *DVD*. Jimmy Page and I listened to all the tapes and made notes about which performances were good, which were salvageable. The Long Beach and LA Forum shows were very cool. But there was no footage of those shows, so they couldn't be used on the DVD. That was when we decided to put the two shows on their own CD. It wasn't in our thoughts to try and outdo *The Song Remains The Same*. This was entirely different, recordings taken straight off the board that had remained untouched until I had them in the studio.

The reason those performances still stand up now is because Jimmy really was a genius. He could create tempests, summon storms. He really was the master of light and shade. And the musicians around him allowed him to flesh out that vision. Especially John Bonham, without whom Jimmy and Zeppelin would never have been able to do what he did.

Kevin Shirley

Never in the field of human conflict has a performer and audience gone at it so hard. *Metallic KO* could never qualify as one of the all-time greatest live albums by virtuoso playing. It made it on the potential for mayhem that lurks in the core of most rock shows, pushing it to the extreme, and being energised by the raw hostility. The Stooges maintain a relentless drone while Iggy free-associates from some deep psycho-core of abuse and challenge that owes as much to nasty pro-wrestling as it does to Chuck Berry. You can't see the missiles, the firecrackers and the broken glass but you can hear them, and easily visualise Iggy, stripped and bleeding, facing down the Scorpions Motorcycle Club who want to rip his arms off.

Metallic KO is an epic live album because it reminds us that rock'n'roll is about so much more than music. **MF**

"I went to the radio station and challenged the Scorpions [Motorcycle Club] to come down and do their worst at my big show in Detroit. Which they proceeded to do.

You can hear all sorts of things on the tape flying through the air: shovels, four-gallon jugs, M-80s... but our lady fans in the front rows threw a lot of beautiful underwear, which I thought was sweet."

Iggy Pop

Hard Rock Hell & Metal Hammer present
HAMMERFEST IV
Hammer of Thor
15th to 18th March 2012
Pontins at Prestatyn
ANTHRAX
SKINDRED
EXODUS • PARADISE LOST • CHIMAIRA • HELL
LAWNMOWER DETH • HEAVEN'S BASEMENT • SCI FI MAFIA
FURY UK • MORTAD • ARTHEMIS • EVIL SCARECROW
ANTERIOR • HOLOSADE • VIRUS • HAMMER OF THE GODS
plus many more bands to be announced soon!
VIP SOLD OUT
Gold Plus SOLD OUT
Gold LIMITED AVAILABILITY
Silver AVAILABILITY
NOW ONLY 70 GOLD N SILVER ROOMS LEFT... TIME TO SHIFT IT BROTHERS !!
Pontin's Holiday Village, Prestatyn, North Wales
Call 08700 110034 OR
Click www.hammerfest.co.uk
Classic Rock
Metal Hammer
Rock Radio
Rock Prog
Chic Festivals
Blackstar Amplification

FACT!

Rick Parfitt celebrated the success of *Quo Live* by having a swimming pool built in his garden.

STATUS QUO
LIVE!

VERTIGO, 1977

Time isn't always the great healer. Certainly it hasn't been for Francis Rossi, in terms of how he now views Status Quo's definitive first live album. What bugs the Quo frontman the most about 1977's *Live!* is the very thing that made the fans who bought it first time around so proud of it.

"Unlike every other live album from those days, there are absolutely no overdubs on that album, no going back and fixing the bum notes, nothing other than what we actually put out there on stage at the time," he says. "We wanted to prove we weren't like the others, we weren't cheating. But every time I listen to it now, all I can hear are the mistakes. I sit here cringing, thinking: 'I wish we'd put fucking overdubs on.'"

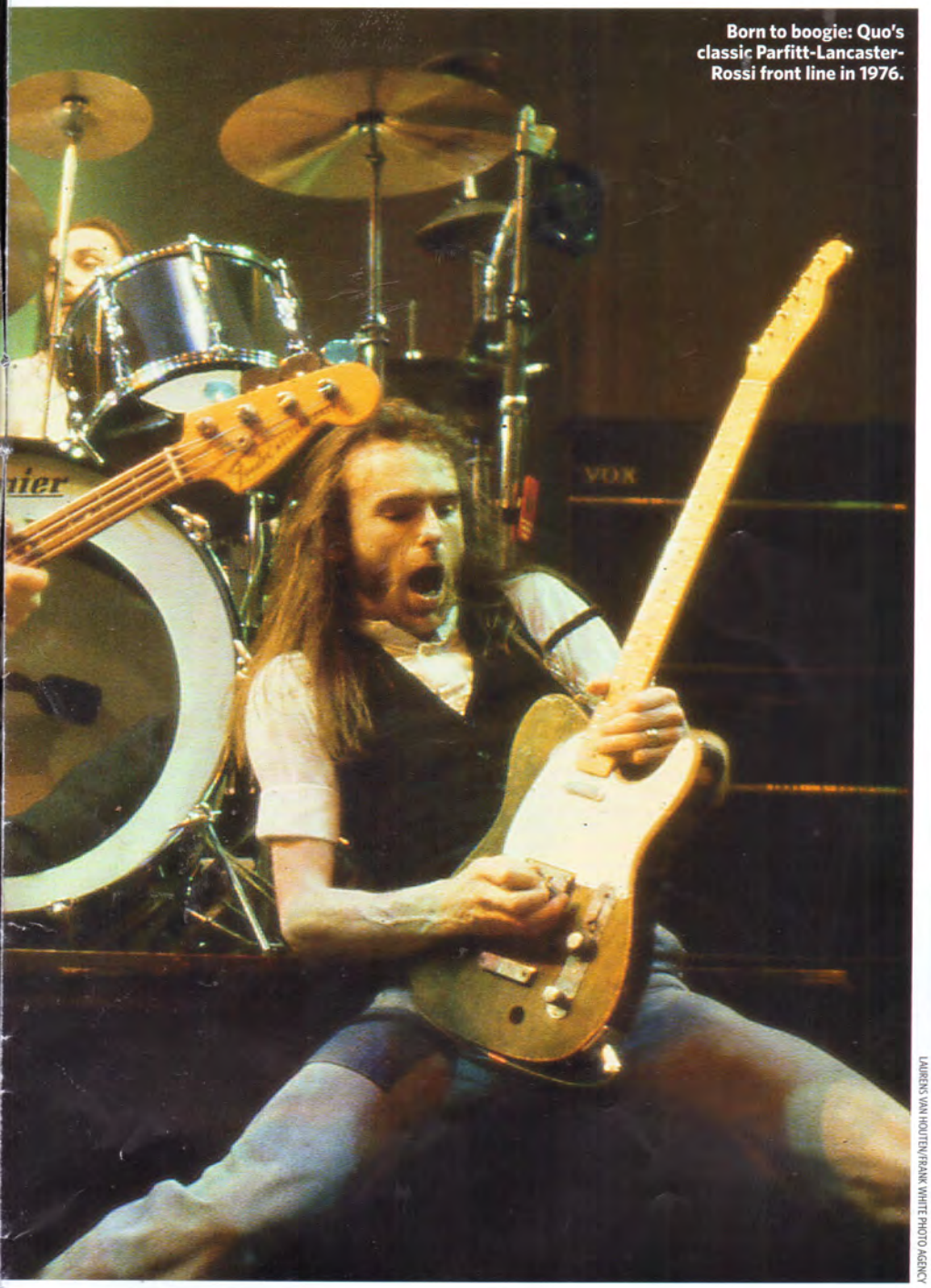
A lack of overdubs – a complete lack of any dressing-up whatsoever – is what gave Status Quo their unique appeal, and what gave *Live!* head-shaking brilliance. The fact that it was rough as a badger's arse mattered not then, and matters even less so now.

"EVERY TIME I LISTEN TO IT I THINK: 'I WISH WE'D PUT FUCKING OVERDUBS ON.'"
FRANCIS ROSSI

That crowd you hear going ballistic – the Glasgow Apollo (famously the most ballistic audience in the British Isles) isn't the product of some producer's bag of tricks. Nor are those squawking, squealing, wheeling-dealing guitars and swing-hammer drums. That is the authentic sound of the original Quo, and you're invited to accept no substitute.

Of course, they were one of the quintessential British live acts of the 1970s. Long before AC/DC came along, Quo were the original heads-down, no-nonsense boogie band par excellence. They released albums, from which just one single was allowed to be released, even though it was always an enormous hit. Actually they had just broken that rule with their *Blue For You* studio album, which became their third album to go straight into the UK chart at No.1, and from which they released three singles. Nevertheless, the fact remained: you couldn't consider yourself a true, heads-down Quo fanatic unless you'd been to see them lay down the law live at least once.

"That's exactly who we were in those days," agrees Rossi. "Which is why I think the *Live!*



Born to boogie: Quo's classic Parfitt-Lancaster-Rossi front line in 1976.

LAUREN VAN HOUTEN/FRANK WHITE PHOTO AGENCY

album went down so well with everybody. It was like a 'greatest hits' album only much better. No long-form videos in those days, let alone YouTube, so the closest you could come to a genuine Quo live show without actually buying a ticket was on that album. It's definitely us at our most rocking, that's for sure. It was rock'n'roll all the way with that line-up, which is another reason why that live album jumps out of you. You can hear the aggression."

It's an attitude best heard on the album's quintessential Quo-in-the-70s track, *Forty-Five Hundred Times* (one of the few songs Rossi and fellow guitarist/partner in crime Rick Parfitt sat down and wrote together). The head-pummelling version on *Live!* is nearly 17 minutes long. Better yet for the true Quo addict, though, is the speeded-up, heavy-hitting version of *Caroline* – featuring co-writer and then-tour manager Bob Young on harmonica – weighing in, via a hearteningly clumsy segue into *Bye Bye Johnny*, at a not so much cool as downright unreasonable 13 minutes.

But this album wasn't some off-the-top-of-their-heads, Grateful Dead-type performance. *Live!* had its share of hits, too, including *Roll Over Lay Down*, which remains one of the few live rock tracks to become a hit single in its own right, and *Rain*, still one of the biggest and best Quo singles, and one of the few truly great ones written solely by Parfitt, who also sings it in his hard-as-nails voice.

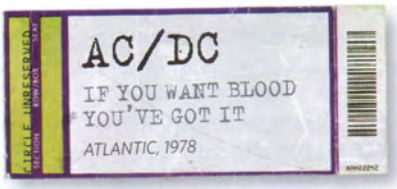
"The thing is, it was a complete one-off," says Rossi. "Not only would we never make a live album like that now, but no one else would either. In fact no one else was making live albums like that back then. So even though it gets on my nerves, I've got to love it really. And that audience you hear, in Glasgow. You didn't argue with them, I tell you." **MW**

Although producer Tony Visconti later claimed that 75 per cent of *Live And Dangerous* was recreated after the fact in the studio, as someone who was at one of the shows I can assure you that the album is an accurate representation of the classic Lynott-Robbo-Gorham-Downey line-up at the peak of their powers.

It does what all truly great live albums do: delivers even better performances of stone-cold studio classics. Best of all, it conveys the sense – palpable at the shows – of what those guys were really like to be in the same room with. There must have been 50 people hanging out on either side of the stage, everyone from George Best to various Page 3 girls, TV celebs, groupies and drug dealers, all spilling on to the stage at various moments. You can't see it on the record, but you can hear the fun, feel the crackle. **MW**

I WAS THERE

"That was us at our best, before the bad drugs came in. We did three nights in a row with 100 people on stage with us. Finally the fire marshal said it had to stop because it was so dangerous. So, yeah, live *and* dangerous, ha!" Scott Gorham, Thin Lizzy



BY REAL XS DJ TOM RUSSELL

I first saw AC/DC at the City Halls in Glasgow. When they returned, to the Apollo, their popularity had gone up so much they sold out the venue. I managed to blag a ticket and got to meet them backstage beforehand. They were so modest. Bon I loved straight off. He was the same of stage as on, which was part of the band's charm. And that night the atmosphere was incredible. When Glasgow takes a band to heart, gigs become magical.

For me, highlights include seeing Bon carrying Angus up to the balcony while he played a solo, the chants of "Angus! Angus!" during *Whole Lotta Rosie* – that was the gig where this started – and the band wearing Scotland football strips and kicking balls into the audience during the encore.

This gig summed up what made AC/DC so special live – the energy, the rapport with the crowd and the way those simple yet classic songs took on another life. You hear all of this on *If You Want Blood*. It's a great reminder of how remarkable the band and their fans were that night. **TR**

Cheap Trick: setting a landmark.

BY WILDHEARTS MAINMAN GINGER

Apart from setting a landmark example of how a great live album can inject life into a band's slightly flagging fortunes, *Cheap Trick At Budokan* quite simply sounded better than any live album before it, or, for that matter, since.

Masterfully straddling the delicate divide between tight and loose, the band power-drive through pop-rock classic after pop-rock classic, grinding bass marrying swinging drums, while Robin Zander's vocals glide effortlessly to the kind of stratospheric heights that have threatened voluntary redundancy of many a lesser vocalist, leaving Rick Nielsen's fluid yet throwaway guitar licks to command the court jester's spot, front of stage. Mixed with the fevered squeal of the Japanese audience, this thrill ride begs continuous participation from the captive listener.

I've heard tell that this album was actually recorded in Osaka, the night before their fabled Budokan show. This matters not. For me this is a live document of a supreme band in their absolute prime, and a bar raiser for any young hopefuls left gasping in its wake.

It's okay not to be as good as Cheap Trick (hell, who is?), but if you want to play catchy-as-hell rock'n'roll then this album taught you to up your game, to go hard or go home. Stiff competition indeed.

I WAS THERE

"In 1978 we were bigger in Japan than in America. The idea was to record a live album for the Japanese market. The Beatles said they couldn't hear themselves at Shea Stadium because the hysteria was so enormous? After these gigs we know how they felt. The noise was unbelievable.

"We never expected it to come out in America, but import copies sold well enough for our label to think it was worth releasing properly. We thought: 'That'll be a few more sales.' But it turned us from being virtual unknowns in our own country to being big stars. Thank you, Japan."
Rick Nielsen, Cheap Trick

FACT!

Eddie Van Halen considered going for Michael Schenker's job in UFO, but thought he wasn't good enough.

ACHTUNG BABY!

On the road in the US, a booze-soaked **UFO** were intent on recreating World War II with German guitarist Michael Schenker. Yet they still managed to record one of the greatest live albums ever. Words: **Dave Ling**

UFO
STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

CHRYSALIS, 1979

"Listen to the album. There are some wrong notes on that song. I *hate* mistakes." More than 30 years after the event, Michael Schenker still recalls the straw that broke the camel's back and prompted his exit from UFO. The year was 1978, and the band were holed up in New York's Record Plant studios, mixing their double live album *Strangers In The Night*.

Tensions had been building within the band for years. Personality clashes between the loose-cannon German guitarist and his equally wayward British colleagues had already seen Schenker warn the rest of UFO that he would leave the band after the tour for 1978's *Obsession* album. But no one expected his departure to be quite so sudden.

Schenker had been at loggerheads with producer Ron Nevison over which version of his showcase song *Rock Bottom* to use on the live album. The guitarist was unhappy with the producer's choice of take, and insisted that he either change it or let him overdub it. Nevison refused.

"Michael's entitled to believe that there were better takes of *Rock Bottom* that might have been used," Nevison says today, "but a guy like Michael Schenker is only listening for Michael Schenker. As producer I listen to the bigger picture. Michael was never what you'd call a 'band guy'."

For singer Phil Mogg, this studio flashpoint provided a moment of unintentional comedy. "I can still see Michael, who was becoming more and more distanced from the band, going out of the studio mumbling: 'Poor, poor *Rock Bottom*'," Mogg recalls with a smirk. "And that was the last we saw of him."

"THERE WERE OFTEN TIMES WHEN I WANTED TO BELT MICHAEL SCHENKER."
PHIL MOGG

Chaos has always reigned supreme in the world of UFO, but never more than in the late 70s. The combustible mix of five flamboyant, eccentric personalities – Mogg and Schenker plus bassist Pete Way, guitarist/keyboard player Paul Raymond and drummer Andy Parker – combined with various alcohol and drug-fuelled excesses, was a sure-fire recipe for the worst kind of pandemonium.

Schenker had left his original band, Scorpions, to join UFO in 1973 when he was just 18 years old. Tensions between the German guitarist and his British bandmates were apparent early on, with Schenker and Mogg enjoying a particularly fractious relationship. "I always said that I would quit the band if Phil Mogg hit me," Michael recalls. Inevitably, a physical altercation did eventually ensue – though neither party is clear as to where, or even when, it occurred. "The fight with Phil might have happened in Germany – maybe *Strangers In The Night* had already been recorded," says Schenker. According to Mogg the fracas happened years previously, possibly as early as 1974's *Phenomenon* album. "There were often times when I wanted to belt Michael," says the singer.

Such was the bad blood, Schenker had even quit the band once before, around 1977's *Lights Out*, only to be talked out of his decision by bassist Pete Way.

Despite all this, by 1978 UFO were on the verge of their big breakthrough. *Obsession* had added a new-found maturity to their powerful hard rock thunder in the shape of the strings-assisted *Looking Out For Number One* and *Born To Lose*, and the album had followed *Lights Out* into the US Top 50. The time was right for the band to record a live double album. And, unlike Kiss, whose *Alive!* LP, had been the ultimate shit-or-bust statement, UFO's live album would capture a band already well on their way to stardom. Strangely, though, not everyone concerned was convinced by the idea.

"I didn't even want to make a live album," admits Mogg. "At that point the band was so up and down, depending on who'd been doing what. Wine, women and song was our priority, in that order. Suppose they recorded a dodgy night?"

Drummer Andy Parker agrees that the partying – not to mention the bust-ups – affected the band's performances: "The intake was astonishing. We'd have different types of booze for times of the day, for Christ's sake. There'd be white wine for the sound check – nothing too heavy – and it would build from there during the gig and afterwards. You'd be up till four in the morning, then get up and do it all over again."

Schenker insists that he was always in control on stage, though what happened afterwards "is another thing completely". As well as his extra-curricular activities, Schenker's problems were compounded by the fact that he suffered from crippling stage fright. To combat this he was taking the same anti-depressants that would kill The Who drummer Keith Moon just a few months later. "It was a very, very bad time for me," Schenker recalls. "I stopped taking those tablets after *Strangers In The Night*."

Phil Mogg is less sympathetic. "The pills made Michael's face go red as a beetroot," he says. "You weren't supposed to take them with alcohol. But back then everybody knew their own personal limits."

The songs that would appear on *Strangers In The Night* were recorded on the US leg of the *Obsession* tour in Autumn 1978. To minimise potential disaster, the band's label, Chrysalis, hired the Record Plant's remote unit and dispatched Ron Nevison – who had ↔

TOP LEFT: GETTY; ROSS HALFIN

produced UFO's previous two albums – to record six shows on the tour. Despite gravel-voiced stage manager Steve Brooks's opening rallying cry of: "Hello, Chicago. Would you please welcome, from England… U!… F!… O!", the album was eventually pieced together like an audio patchwork quilt.

"There are some things about that record that Mike Clink [who co-manned the mobile truck and would go on to produce Guns N' Roses' *Appetite For Destruction*] and I still can't remember," admits Nevison. "I don't even recall recording the show in Louisville, Kentucky, but apparently we did so. And then, of course, there's also some conjecture over the amount of 'fixing' that was done."

The post-production 'fixing' he's referring to has been the subject of much debate over the years. A name-check for Schenker's eventual replacement in UFO, former Lone Star guitarist Paul 'Tonka' Chapman, on the sleeve of *Strangers In The Night* prompted rumours that Chapman had touched up some of Schenker's guitar parts in the studio following Michael's departure from the band. For once, though, on this both Michael Schenker and Ron Nevison are in agreement.

"No bloody way," says the guitarist. "If that were true you'd be able to hear it."

"I've never even met Paul Chapman," Nevison says. "No, no. That's complete bullshit."

However, certain 'fixes' were made. In order to accommodate four sides of vinyl, Nevison was forced to rearrange the running order of the set as it had been played. Two of the songs that appear on the album – *Mother Mary* and *This Kid's* – were also re-recorded in the studio afterwards and overdubbed with crowd noise from the tour.

"Some people will say: 'Oh, then it's not a real live album,'" says Andy Parker. "But we set up the gear like we'd have done at a gig and played the damned songs. It really was as live as you could get."

One thing that no one disagrees with is that the album's distinctive title was proposed by its producer, Nevison. There is, though, still some disagreement over the identity of the open-mouthed fan pictured on the front cover. According to some, the colourful face is that of the band's long-time publicist, Joe O'Neil (who, sadly, died in 2008).

"Are you sure?" says Mogg. "I always thought it was Peter Curzon from [sleeve designers] Hipgnosis." If the devil is in the detail, UFO are positively angelic.

"OUR INTAKE WAS ASTONISHING. THERE WAS DIFFERENT TYPES OF BOOZE FOR DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAYS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."
ANDY PARKER

Despite all the chaos surrounding *Strangers In The Night* the album would give UFO their biggest ever hit, reaching No.8 in the UK chart and No.42 in the US. In 2009, Rock Candy Records reissued the album with the as-performed running order restored, and with two additional tracks in the shape of *Hot 'N' Ready* and *Cherry*. That reissue also exhumed some of Mogg's previously unheard stage patter. ("We're getting a bit confused up here; it's your licensing laws," the singer tells the crowd at one point. "We've just taken a vote, and apparently this is something called *Natural Thing*").

These days, UFO are still very much a going concern, and Mogg, Parker and Paul Raymond are gearing up to release their 21st album, *Last Of The Bone Riders*, early next year. Way's ongoing fondness for rock'n'roll indulgence resulted in him leaving the band three years ago, though he did get up on stage with Michael Schenker at last year's High Voltage festival. The guitarist himself talked about putting together a band called Strangers In The Night with Way and former Scorpions drummer Herman Rarebell to perform songs from the album of the same name, along with other choice material from his career. That idea has since been mothballed, but at least Schenker seems to have got over the stage fright that plagued him for so long. "Isn't it funny? I've developed an extreme liking for being on stage," he says.

More than 30 years on, a surprisingly large number of musicians have spent time as a member of UFO, but it says much about *Strangers In The Night* to note that many of the songs on that album are still in the band's live set.

"*Strangers* is our best album, and I'm blown away that it's still considered important," says Andy Parker today. "We made some great studio albums, but to understand UFO you always had to see us live. It remains the epitome of what we're about."

"It has a lot of vigour and strut," adds Phil Mogg. "As a doubting Thomas that hadn't wanted to do it, I was very, very wrong."

Nevison himself adds: "Everybody agrees that *Strangers In The Night* is one of the best live albums ever, so I didn't do such a bad job. Whatever complaints Michael Schenker might have, he can stuff them."

After all these years, even Schenker himself has learned to live with what he calls the album's "mistakes". "Those notes might have been wrong," he concedes, "but they became classic wrong notes."

5 GREAT BANDS THAT NEVER MADE GREAT LIVE ALBUMS

BLACK SABBATH
They had two goes at it (*Live Evil* and *Live At Last*), and still sounded flatter than a Brummie's vowels.

THE FACES
One of the great live groups served up a dud with 1974's *Coast To Coast* – the sound of a band unravelling.

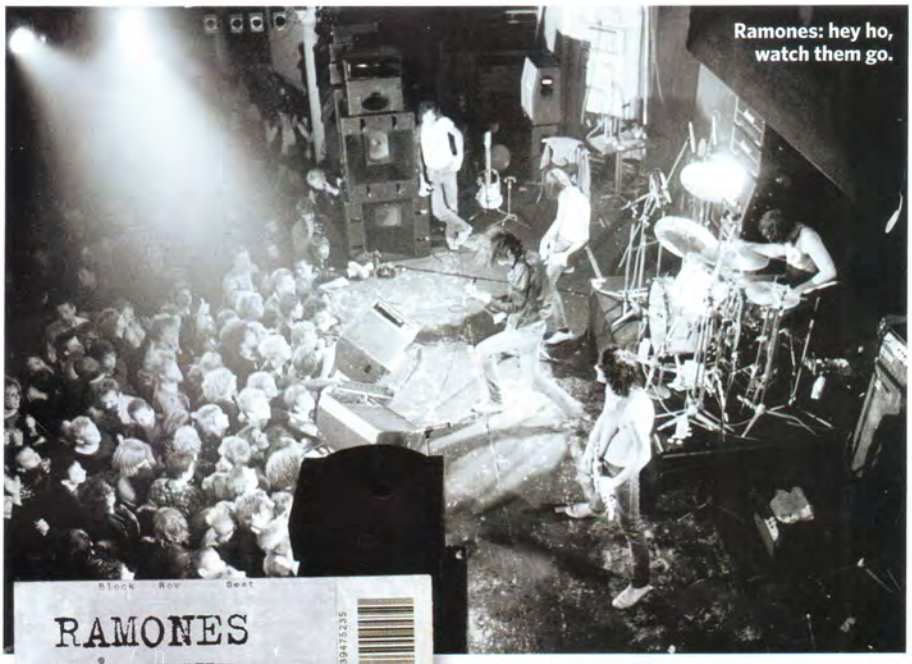
DAVID BOWIE
Bowie on stage, with all the spectacle: genius. Bowie on vinyl, stripped of the visuals: snore.

SEX PISTOLS
The gigs were: "Were you there?" The live albums were: "Why bother?" Even if most were bootlegs.

GUNS N' ROSES
America's most feral band served up brass, synth and even reggae interludes on *Live Era '87-'93*. Oi, Axl, no!

UFO: Michael Schenker (centre) playing some of the greatest bum notes in history.

ROSS HALFIN


Ramones: hey ho, watch them go.

"We're the Ramones! This one's called *Rockaway Beach*!" Joey Ramone's intro ushers in 28 songs of equal brevity, a stream-of-consciousness punkalong that draws breath only to enable Dee Dee to count off the next tune – "Onetwothreefour!"

It's Alive – recorded at London's long-defunct Rainbow Theatre on New Year's Eve 1977, but not released until April 1979 – is punk's definitive live album, the inverse of the bloated 70s rock shows that preceded them. There are no extended solos here, little showiness and nothing in the way of fat. Instead it showcases the band at their blitzkrieg best, delivering most of the material on their first three albums with the kind of warp-speed velocity that might have had Spock gripping on to his chair arms. Ironically, though, it's their covers of such cult 50s classics as *Surfin' Bird* and *California Sun* that truly capture what the Ramones were all about – teen-pop songs with a switchblade in one hand and a spray-can in the other.

The whole thing is over in less than an hour, and no other live album carried the raw, electric charge like it. But it almost never happened: the whole UK tour was nearly cancelled after Joey Ramone was rushed to a New Jersey hospital two weeks earlier with second-degree burns caused when a teapot exploded in his face. **RH**

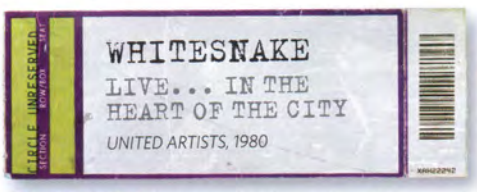
"ELTON JOHN WAS THERE DRESSED AS BRANDO."

Drummer **Tommy Ramone** on the New Year's Eve Rainbow gig.

What do you remember about that tour?
It was the end of our winter tour of England in '77. We'd started in Scotland and worked our way down and ended up in London for the last two weeks. It was a strange time, cos everything was closed for the Christmas holidays, so we were going crazy. Joey was so depressed that he sat down and started writing the song *I Wanna Be Sedated*. That's how all that started.

What about the gig itself?
Since it was New Year's Eve, our management brought in some balloons and gave everybody these 'Gabba Gabba Hey' signs to wave around. It was very celebratory. Some celebrities showed up: Johnny Thunders was there, and Sid Vicious with his new girlfriend Nancy Spungen. Elton John was there, dressed up like Marlon Brando in *The Wild Ones*.

***It's Alive* is almost an anti-live album; there are no tricks or showiness.**
We'd honed our craft really sharp by then. The Ramones' sound was basically the essence of rock'n'roll – that's what we were going for. Johnny Ramone loved playing fast, and when I started playing drums – I was originally their manager – I sorta locked into his playing. He had this unique style. Before that, Johnny's love was baseball, and he'd pitch these fast-balls. So the word 'fast' meant something special to him. And that just became our thing.



Compared to the modern-day, turbocharged Whitesnake, *Live... In the Heart Of The City* comes as a shock. There are precious few histrionics and not a single wang-bar workout. Rather, the fist-in-your-face hard-sell of the current band is replaced by a soft susurration; David Coverdale and his blues-laden crew simply roll nonchalantly into town, crack their knuckles... and *play*. With an elegant, loping grace.

Gigs by the early Whitesnake were near-religious experiences, and this album captures the intimate live ambience of the 'classic' line-up. Coverdale manages to be both imperious and humble at the same time, his golden voice at its rich, sonorous best.

Indeed, given the criticism levelled at the frontman's vocals in recent years, this could be regarded as something of a bitter-sweet album. A reminder of simpler, more understated times when the thrust came not from the mic stand but from deep down in them there lungs. **GB**

Whitesnake: old-style blues-metal time.

"I always felt we were a people's band. We were definitely connected to our crowd, and we never really bothered if we were cool or not. It was a great 'bunch of blokes' band, a kind of Faces band. We were sent on some silly promotional stunt for the album that involved a circus elephant – yes, an elephant, not a snake – Lord knows why. While we were waiting around, shuffling our feet, the photographer suggested I should mount the poor animal. Me, being pretty hungover, remarked: 'I'd rather mount that,' and I pointed to the girl in the sparkly circus suit who was the elephant's trainer. We were pretty much always hungover in those days."
David Coverdale, Whitesnake

TOP: CORBIS; BOTTOM: REPFOTO

FACT!

The famous 'bomber' lighting rig spent the late 80s propping up a shed in Norfolk.

Warts and all: the *No Sleep* stage show in all its glory.

No Sleep... was a double-edged sword for Motörhead. Hitting No.1 in its first week of release, the band would never be able to follow it up adequately. Lemmy came to regard it as an albatross around his neck. Which is a pity, because it's a landmark album.

Recorded in March 1981, it arrived at the height of the NWOBHM movement yet it had just as much in common with the punk scene. It made friends wherever people snorted speed or liked to smash things up; more importantly, it summed up a moment in time, an attitude – you didn't have to be a Motörhead fan, or even a rock fan, to connect with. All of which made *No Sleep* more than just a great live album; it made it a cultural high-water mark – even for those who have never heard it. **MW**

"THERE ARE MISTAKES ON THERE. THAT'S LIFE."

'Head man **Lemmy** on the (im)perfect live album.

What are your memories of the shows that became *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*?
It was recorded at Leeds and Newcastle, as I remember. There was one show at Hull, which was the best, but it wasn't recorded very well. How did I choose the venues? I like anywhere where they go "Hooray!" I don't give a fuck what the accent's like. I'm shallow like that.

Where were you when you heard that the album had gone to No.1 in the UK?
I was asleep in New York when it all went down. Our manager rang me up, and I said: "Fuck it. I'm asleep. Call me later." A couple of minutes later it registered and I was bolt upright. We were doing well. Little did we know that the fucking damaged floorboard was just around the corner.

How wild was it backstage?
The things that were going on, you wouldn't be able to print, and I don't have the photographs to prove it.

How do you feel about it 30 years on?
It still sounds good to me. I played it about three weeks ago, actually. I'd never heard it through good-quality headphones before and it was very good, I thought. We were in the middle of a 53-show tour, so by that time we were on automatic. We were tight, and you can hear that on the record. I thought we were an excellent band, especially for the time. I mean, there are mistakes on there. There are always mistakes on a live album. What the fuck do you want, man? That's life. Life ain't perfect, and I'm no different. I think I overdubbed a couple of lines of vocals on *Hammersmith*, but there's no false songs,

LEFT: ICONICPIX; TOP: ROSS HALFIN; BOTTOM: GETTY

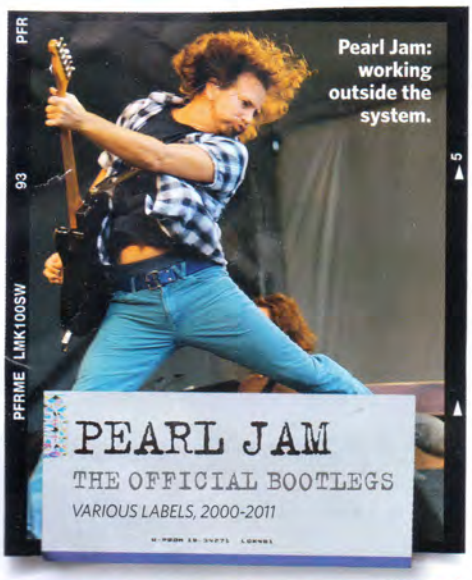
By the time Iron Maiden's World Slavery tour reached Long Beach Arena in Los Angeles in the spring of 1985, it had grown from a purposeful attempt to conquer the world into a bona fide victory march. Barely five years had passed since the band were breathing punters' beer burps at the Ruskin Arms in London, but both the band's confidence and the scale and ambition of their live shows had grown exponentially.

Live After Death is very much the snapshot of a young band at their peak, but it was also a cocksure riposte to the Purple, UFO and Priest live albums that had provided Maiden with a blueprint to emulate and then surpass.

With the advent of CDs just around the corner, *Live After Death* – with its gatefold sleeve, complete with highly detailed breakdown of the World Slavery Tour's tech specs and logistics – was the last great live album of the vinyl era. **DL**

I WAS THERE

"The whole thing should've been from Hammersmith. The performances there were better than the ones in Los Angeles, but the lighting engineer, Dave Lights, was at war with the video guys and consequently the whole thing was too dark. So we had great audio footage, but a lot of the concert footage was unusable."
Bruce Dickinson, Iron Maiden



BY THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM'S BRIAN FALLON

Pearl Jam are the punkest 'big band' in the world. They thumb their nose at everything you're 'supposed' to do. The *Official Bootlegs* series is them working outside the system. Since 2000, after every tour, they release all their shows on download, and you can go on the website and buy whatever show you want. That's revolutionary. They're geniuses, I'm telling you. We were talking to our label about doing the same.

I've spent way too much money on Official Bootlegs, but the Hyde Park show when we supported them is my favourite, mainly because Eddie dedicates *State Of Love And Trust* to me. It's like owning a memory. You remember it all. Maybe it was your anniversary, or something Eddie said on stage – you're just there. It's like your special night.

Pearl Jam are good enough to justify that many bootlegs. They vary their set pretty extremely from night to night. They play tons of different songs and they have the catalogue to do that. You get different versions of songs, compare them, see how a tour went; maybe it started off a little rough and it got awesome in the end. There's this song *Smile* that I love that they play once in a while…

It's amazing, the intensity they play at. Every single night, they're just going for it, on 10: 'We're here, this might be the last time we play'. Eddie just means it. He could literally just stand there and mean it. He could be eating pizza and mean it. I'm trying to mean it that much.

Pieced together from stop-offs on 1983's *War* tour – including their game-changing set at Red Rocks – *Under A Blood Red Sky* was a shot in the arm for the live album format as its golden age began to dip. Its release felt like a pivotal moment; the live album was still the calling card of the rock behemoths, and not to be meddled with by rag-tag members of the post-punk underclass. But U2 had grown up eyeing the bands behind the great ones – Bono has cited the impact of Thin Lizzy's *Live And Dangerous* – and here they hijacked the format on such sky-scraping moments as *I Will Follow* and *The Electric Co.* (the latter costing them $50,000 after Bono dropped in an unauthorised snippet of Stephen Sondheim's *Send In The Clowns*).

It worked, too: *Blood Red Sky* enjoyed monster sales, woke up America and reignited the live album as a commercial proposition. The future would hold giant lemons, Salman Rushdie cameos and the sheer ubiquity of Bono, but this album is the sound of a flesh-and-blood live band who didn't need gimmicks to own a stadium. Remember them this way. **HY**

The nakedly emotive nature of Nirvana's performance at Sony Studios in November '93 was lent poignancy by the fact that *Unplugged* was the first Nirvana release after Kurt Cobain's suicide. The first flush of grunge was all but over, as was the heyday of the blockbusting live album, replaced instead by an industry trend for stripping things back, turning down the noise and heading home to musical roots.

Cobain subverted MTV's Unplugged usual 'all the hits, stripped down' format by feeding his guitar through an amp, using effects pedals and playing less-celebrated tunes such as *Pennyroyal Tea* and *On A Plain* alongside covers of obscure songs by Leadbelly and the Meat Puppets. The result was a fitting epitaph for Kurt Cobain – and arguably also for the live album as a cultural force. **RH**

I WAS THERE

The set-list really had thought and structure to it. Kurt purposely wanted the Meat Puppets' songs to be a struggle for him vocally, so instead of finding a key he could sing them in comfortably he chose to strain.
Alex Coletti, MTV producer on *Unplugged*

★CLASSIC★ ROCK PRESENTS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH JON BREWER

RECKLESS ROAD

GUNS N' ROSES

AND THE MAKING OF

APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

"THE BEST ROCK'N'ROLL BOOK I'VE EVER SEEN" – SLASH

By MARC CANTER with JASON PORATH. Additional photography by JACK LUE

900+ NEVER-SEEN-BEFORE PICTURES. RARE MEMORABILIA. THE FULL INSIDE STORY

ON SALE DEC 1, 2011. ORDER YOURS VIA WWW.MYFAVOURITEMAGAZINES.CO.UK